

Grey Area by Introvertia

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Summary:

Inspired by Flippyspoon's Harringrove Playing Cards Prompt: Angst, Jonathan, shoebox, yearbook, the woods. It can be read after my other story Black & White, or on its own.

Grey Area

Grey Area - an ill-defined situation or field not readily conforming to a category or to an existing set of rules.

Jonathan

Jonathan had printed his favorite portrait of Nancy on thick Ilford paper, the spectrum from black to white was perfect, he admired it in its new frame and the red matt border added a soft flavor of sensuality to it, not that he'd ever say that to her. He wrapped it in some goofy floral birthday wrapping paper that he'd found in the hall closet at home; it wasn't a spectacular job, but he knew she'd appreciate it. He carried it under his arm out to the car. Will trailed out of the house after him. It was a grey and soggy morning, but it had no effect on Jonathan's mood.

"She's going to love it." Will said encouragingly.

"You think so?" Jonathan smiled as he rested the gift on the backseat of the car.

"Mom said she looks Brooke Shields."

"Did she? I think Nancy's prettier, more, sophisticated. What?" Jonathan glanced over at Will who was giggling.

"I don't know, you *love* her and stuff." Will beamed at him, Jonathan smiled looking down for a moment. Will knew him too well.

"You know the drill, pick a tape out of the shoebox." Jonathan reached over ruffling Will's hair.

“Okay.” Will answered good naturedly and flipped through the cassettes, he pushed a tape into the car stereo. They bounced along the pothole riddled drive that led from their home to the main road, it was raining steadily with mild wind, that pushed the water sideways across the windshield washing the glass clean and dribbling tiny comets of water across the window. Will leaned forward in his seat and traced them with his index finger looking lost in a daydream. Jonathan felt weird, because feeling at ease was so alien.

Jonathan dropped Will off and parked in the lot near the High School. Nancy had planned on being at the school library early so he knew where to find her. He couldn’t help but smile to himself, he wanted to give her the photo now, but knowing Nance she’d probably be embarrassed if other people saw it. When he got to the library he found Nancy and Tina sitting next to one another with flashcards and a half filled poster board before them, they weren’t close friends, but they were friendly and had been assigned each other as partners for a world history speech. He was about to announce his presence when he couldn’t help but catch what Tina was saying.

“He’s such a flirt, and, like, I know that he and Vicki are kind of a thing, but it’s not like, I don’t know, I don’t think it’s serious. I’ve asked Vicki and she pretends she doesn’t care, but I think she likes him a lot. I mean, I get it, he’s so hot.”

“He’s an asshole.” Nancy stated.

“Not really, I mean he’s nice...” Tina smiled wistfully.

“Nice, I don’t think I’ve ever heard anyone call Billy nice.” Nancy stared hard at her history book so she wouldn’t roll her eyes.

“Hey.” Jonathan sat down across from them and set his notebook down.

“Oh hi, Jonathan.” Tina smiled but looked uncomfortable, she twisted a dark curl around her finger and turned her focus back onto

Nancy.

“Okay, so, anyways, I’m going to finish the poster board and I have my flashcards for the speech, um, you’ll do the geographical portion, right?” Tina looked hopeful.

“Yeah, I’ve got it.” Nancy agreed.

“Okay, thanks.”

“I’ll see you in class.”

“Bye.” Tina got up collecting her things and made a small wave without really looking at Jonathan.

“She thinks I’m a creep, doesn’t she?”

“No, I don’t know, who cares.” Nancy reached over and squeezed Jonathan’s hand.

“You know, I think you lied, but, not on purpose.” Jonathan smiled at her his head tilted.

“What? When?” Nancy looked baffled.

“Just now. You said, you’ve never heard anyone call Billy nice, I distinctly remember you saying your mom said that *nice* Billy Hargrove stopped by looking for his little sister.”

“Oh-ho, you’re right!” Nancy covered her mouth and almost slid out of her chair silently laughing.

“Hey we’ve still got twenty minutes before first period, I got you a present, well I kind of made it.”

“What? Why? What is it?” Nancy sat forward smiling.

“Because I wanted to. It’s in the car, you want to come see it? We have time.” Jonathan got up before she answered.

“Yeah, let’s go.” She pulled her jacket on watching him. He wanted to tell her that her eyes laughed when she was happy, but couldn’t just

say it, no one just says that kind of thing. They collected their things and dashed outside and through the steady rain, he unlocked the door and moved the chair forward and Nancy could see the wrapped gift.

“Come on, get in!” She crawled in the back and Jonathan followed, closing the door and shutting out the rain. She peeled off the paper revealing her portrait.

“Oh no.”

“You don’t like it?”

“No, I just. I don’t know, is that me? I mean, it’s me, but wow.”

“It’s you. I just got lucky with the light.”

“No, it’s, this is beautiful, this is you, you took this.” She leaned over and kissed him gently, she set the framed picture down and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again lingering, he closed his arms around her waist. They stayed in the car as long as they could without being late to class.

Steve

Steve was in his car, it was raining outside and he had about fifteen-minutes to finish an essay that was due in first period. He really wished he’d asked Nance for help, but she was busy with her own school work, and Jonathan, and having a life. Steve erased and rewrote the closing statement, and didn’t like the revision at all, he didn’t like any of it. He was starting to doubt it even made sense. He heard people run past his car, and looked up in time to see Jonathan and Nancy get in the back seat of Jonathan’s beater.

“*Greeaaaaate* .” Steve pressed his face into his palms. “I don’t want to see this guys!” Steve yelled knowing they couldn’t hear him, and he couldn’t actually see anything, but just knowing they were in the backseat of Jonathan’s car parked next to his made him really

uncomfortable.

He folded up his essay and stuffed it into his back pocket. He got out of the car, and realized he'd left the house without his good coat, or an umbrella.

"Well that's great, really great, good job, idiot." He chastised himself as he ran into the main entrance of the school and was mentally congratulating himself on not getting too wet when he slipped on the rain slicked floor and landed on his back.

"Hey smooth move, *Steve!* " Tommy was standing a few feet away laughing his head off, Carol was leaning into him cackling along.

"Yeah, SO athletic." Carol chimed in.

Steve took a moment to catch his breath and sat up, he felt someone grab his arm and pull him up in one swift movement.

"Thanks." Steve did a double take seeing that Billy had been the one to help him up. Billy didn't say anything, their eyes briefly met and then Billy was walking away down the hallway. Tommy and Carol trailed after Billy, as they were reenacting Steve's fall for each other's amusement. Steve watched them wondering why Billy hadn't just shoved him back down, or said something obnoxious. The back of his sweater was soaked through, he could feel his t-shirt underneath was stuck to his back. He checked the seat of his jeans and was grateful at least his ass was dry.

Three minutes later, with a long suffering sigh Steve turned in his crumpled, erased, crossed out, and hopeless essay and sat down. It was pouring outside and the windows rattled with each gust, a roll of thunder could be heard, somewhere off in the distance, the sound kept bowling across the sky getting nearer to Hawkins. Steve opened his textbook and stared at the page, he could hear the teacher, Mr Ness, talking, but wasn't really following, he was too distracted. *What was Billy Hargrove's deal ?* Steve frowned deep in thought, he doodled question marks in the margins of his textbook. When Billy wasn't being a dick he was looking him in the eye like he wanted to devour

him, it was unnerving, and exciting. If he didn't know better he'd think Billy was queer, but everyone knew Billy and Vicki were kind of a thing. Nothing about Billy Hargrove added up.

At lunch Steve was happy to find a corner to himself, he wouldn't ever admit it to anyone but it did feel weird to eat alone, it wasn't that he missed Tommy and Carol, but you know, it had been a thing they did for years, and then of course it had been him and Nancy for a year, till her horrible confession. *Bullshit* . He poked at his cafeteria lunch, it looked like salisbury steak, but that didn't mean it was. He rolled the green bean halves in line like a little fence and pushed the carrot slices on top, it almost looked like a field of sunflowers. He cocked his head examining his artwork.

"What the hell are you doing, Harrington?"

"What?" Steve looked up surprised to see Billy looking at his food art, Steve dragged his fork across his tray and shrugged, "Nothing, just you know." Steve sat back and took a sip from his can of Coke watching Billy. Billy smiled and bit his bottom lip in thought.

"Looks to me like you were sitting alone and playing with your food." Billy dropped a brown sack on the table and pulled out a squished sandwich, a bruised banana and removed a can of Coke from the inside pocket of his weathered leather jacket, he cracked the Coke open and took the wax paper off his sandwich and took a large bite staring at Steve.

"Well, then there we have it." Steve cleared his throat and stabbed some of his vegetables with his fork and ate them. His knee was jogging, and he could feel Billy's eyes were still on him. Steve ran his fork through the scoop of cold mashed potatoes on his plate and realized he was about to start playing with his food again. He set his fork down and reached over to his can of Coke. Steve looked up and saw that Billy was about to take a bite of a banana, and was taking his time about it, looking Steve in the eye. Billy pressed his lips around the fruit slowly and deliberately. Steve's pulse jumped and his

face flushed. Billy spread his jaws slowly pushing the banana deeper in his mouth and bit slowly, he chewed with a Cheshire Cat's grin hidden behind his closed lips. Steve ran a hand over his head and looked at Billy whose eyes were glittering with mischief. Steve scratched at the nape of his neck looking at the table, he was still red faced, and could feel the flush spreading all the way down to his groin.

"Pretty boy." Billy murmured, eyeing Steve as he picked up his can of Coke. Steve looked at Billy out of the corners of his eyes, Billy was still wearing a subtle smile.

"Look who's talking." Steve blurted, and felt his face go redder. He got up and headed out of the cafeteria. He couldn't believe he was running away, but he knew that's exactly what he was doing, running from Hargrove, he wasn't afraid to fight him, he could give him a challenge on the court, exchange cutting and sarcastic words, but *this* was different.

Billy

Billy watched Steve practically stumble out of his seat and walk out of the cafeteria, it wasn't exactly the desired effect, but it wasn't horrible. Steve had *liked it*, Billy was certain of that. Billy tucked into the rest of his lunch, he was feeling turned on after that little exchange, and savored the heat of it. He liked knowing he'd gotten a rise out of Steve, their run last Friday night, outside of Tina's 18th birthday party had been less than stellar, Billy had been a little more than buzzed and in a shit mood, and it pissed him off when Steve had practically ignored him.

When Steve had fallen in the hallway that morning Billy hadn't even realized he'd decided to pull him up, he just did it, without thinking, which wasn't like him. He liked choosing his every move, every word, being one step ahead of everyone kept him in charge. Now he had the reins again he felt a little more at ease in his skin.

The sky flashed brilliantly with lightning Billy looked out the window watching the cold rain and felt the thunderous boom in the soles of his boots. Some of the girls seated at a nearby table squealed. Billy looked out at the grey wide sky and for once didn't hate Hawkins, rain storms like this were a rarity where he grew up, and even though he missed the sunshine, there was something to weather like this that just charged him up. Billy wanted to see Steve again, before the day was over, so he started mapping out a plan of sorts. He knew where Steve's last period was.

A couple hours later and Harrington was coming out of his classroom, tucking his textbook under his arm and moving with an easy stride. Billy had studied Steve for months now and knew that Steve was deep in contemplation, Steve had tells. He was looking ahead of himself but not focused on anything, his chin tilted down just a hair. Billy walked up behind him practically in stride with him step for step, Steve was completely unaware of his proximity, or even his presence. The hallway was crowded with students pulling on their winter coats and rain slickers, locker doors were rattling, tennis shoes squeaking on the wet tile, there was laughter and yelling; the usual ruckus of white noise enveloped Billy as he shadowed Steve, Billy liked the way Steve's shoulders moved under his sweater, how his stupid preppy jeans showed off just enough of his ass, although he could go much tighter.

Everyone was getting ready to face the wet weather, umbrellas in hand, hats on heads and collars were popped up. Billy watched as Steve slipped his hand into his hip pocket and pull out a packet of gum, Steve's car key fell out, Steve kicked it without even noticing. Harrington was so preoccupied with unwrapping his gum and whatever he was thinking about, that he didn't even notice. Billy walked over to the key and scooped it up, no one appeared to have noticed that the key was dropped or that it was now Billy's possession. He turned it over in his palm smiling wickedly to himself. It was on a simple key chain, with a plastic Indiana Pacer's logo. Billy casually pocketed it and fell back a bit, keeping an eye on Steve. He watched Steve go to his locker, and push his books in, a few papers

and folders were falling over sideways, last year's Yearbook and some rolled up gym clothes almost fell out. Steve still had a distant look in his eyes, it made Billy uncomfortable, because he felt a little worried about Steve, he looked sad.

Steve headed out the front doors of the building. Billy trailed him at a casual distance. Students were jogging to the bus stop, their cars, or hopping into the vehicles of waiting parents. No one was enjoying the pelting cold rain, nor the lighting and thunder that were still at play in the sky. Billy lingered under the cover of the building, he watched as Steve reached into one pocket, then the other then all of them again. Steve pulled out his wallet, his pack of gum and a folded sheet of paper, his hair was becoming heavy with rain and he tossed his head irritably clearing his view. He looked around on the ground for the missing key, turning in a circle. Billy realized it wouldn't be long before Steve started to come back to retrace his steps so he ran out into the rain and made his way to Steve, who was starting to walk back towards the school looking forlorn and sullen with his shoulders up and his hands pressed in his pockets. Billy walked passed him and deliberately checked him in the shoulder.

"I found your key." Billy kept walking towards Steve's car, wondering if he should just hand it over and cut the bullshit, it was really after all, just a ploy to get nearer to Steve.

Billy could hear Steve trailing him, his feet moving fast, till he was right beside him.

"Hey, how the hell did you find my key? Are you sure it's mine?" Steve sounded irritated. Billy held it up in sight and kept walking to Steve's car. Billy leaned on Steve's car holding the key out, and Steve snatched it away, he turned it over in his palm making certain it was his.

"How did you get this?" Steve pushed his wet hair away from his forehead looking at Billy.

"You're welcome." Billy grunted as he studied Steve's face, there were a flurry of thoughts written all over it. Steve put his hands on

his hips, then pointed at Billy accusingly. Billy slapped his hand away, he didn't like being pointed at, it was an impulsive response which just made his blood boil.

"What the fuck Billy? What? Thanks for my key, but it's kind of weird that you knew it was mine, it's not like I've got a personalized keychain." Steve threw his hands up in the air, looking flustered and pissed off.

"You dropped it, dumbass." Billy barked.

"Okay, fine. Thank you. Thanks, for giving me my key." Steve turned his back on Billy and thrust the key in the lock. Billy impulsively grabbed Steve's shoulder and turned him around, shoving him against the driver's door of the beamer. Billy's eyes searched Steve's face, everything had gone wrong, Billy could feel all control slipping out of his fingers. Steve was looking at him with those big brown eyes like he hated him.

Steve

Steve could feel Billy's grip relax on his shoulder, Billy was staring hard at his eyes, rain was settling on his thick dark lashes, the muted light turned Billy's eyes grey. Steve hadn't even realized he'd rested his palm on Billy's chest till he could feel Billy's heart pounding beneath it, the heat from his skin was starting to rise through his clothing, despite the rain soaking in his shirt. Steve pressed his hand pushing his fingers under the open jacket. Billy blinked away the rain from his lashes but stood still. Steve curled his fingers around his shirt and pulled slowly till they were nose to nose.

Billy kissed Steve forcefully, his hand resting on Steve's throat, his fingers on his jaw. Steve parted his lips and felt Billy's tongue dive in, rushed and exploring. Billy leaned into Steve pressing him against the car. Steve turned his head away from the kiss, remembering where they were. He scanned the empty lot. Everyone had fled the rain and no one seemed to be around. Billy looked around as well, it was a

brief glancing of the landscape and then he kissed Steve again, a little slower but with just as much force. Steve pressed his hands around Billy's waist, under his jacket, squeezing his ribs, returning the kiss. Steve could feel Billy's frame shudder and glided his hands up and down the sides of his torso feeling the warmth of his skin.

There was a roll of thunder so close and unexpected that Steve nearly jumped out of his skin, the rain doubled, Billy pressed one hand in his hair at the nape of his neck and the other over his hip, demanding his attention and pulling him back to the kiss. Steve rolled his hips, he was getting harder by the second, he heard Billy grunt softly and pull at Steve's hair. The kissing slowed. Steve started to shiver from the rain, he slid a palm up Billy's chest and thumbed his nipple roughly through the wet cloth. Steve turned his face into Billy's neck and nuzzled his way to Billy's jaw and kissed and nipped it, he felt Billy lean away. Steve pulled him back aggressively only to continue his gentle kisses and nips, Billy made the softest of whines and didn't resist again.

Steve's sweater was getting heavy with rain and he couldn't stop shaking, he was too cold. Billy's honey blonde hair was darkly clinging to his forehead and cheeks soaked with rain. Steve looked up at Billy's eyes, the expression was open and soft, his lips parted, his breath fogging the air. Steve noticed motion out of the corner of his eyes and gently pushed Billy back, who had followed his gaze, they parted quickly as truck was slowly making its way into the school parking lot, Steve only noticed it because it was bright red, it stood out in the colorless weather. He didn't think the driver had seen anything.

Billy

Billy glanced over at the truck that was parking several spots away

from Steve's car. A man in a slicker got out of the truck and went around to the truck's bed and started pulling out tool boxes, he paid them no mind, but was moving too slow for Billy's taste.

"Isn't that Max?" Steve sounded far away, even though they were only feet apart. Billy could see a bright bobbing yellow umbrella walking towards the parking lot, underneath were Lucas and Max deep in animated conversation. Billy watched them, they looked happy. It wasn't fair, but what the hell was fair.

"Yep." Billy replied as he walked away from Steve. Billy was soaked and hard, and his heart ached. He pressed his hand over his chest. Max couldn't be with Lucas, not if Neil found out, he'd kill Billy, he wasn't looking after her properly if Max was seeing the *wrong kind of people*. If Neil ever got wind of Billy being tangled with another boy... Billy glanced at the guy lugging a tool box to the school. He hadn't seen anything, but if Steve hadn't noticed, he might have gotten an eye full, or worse, Max and her little boyfriend would have seen. Billy wanted to look back at Steve, he wanted badly to see what he was doing, was he watching him? He couldn't look back. Billy could feel the heat of tears threatening to fall. He peeled off his jacket and got in his car, he laid it across his lap to conceal his hardon and lit up a smoke. The passenger door opened, Max was still saying goodbye to Lucas as she got in. Billy started the car and threw it in reverse as she slammed the door shut. He kept his eyes on the road, he sniffed and blinked back tears. He could feel Max looking at him.

"Are you..." Max's voice sounded high and soft, she was worried, and nervous. It was his fault, he made her feel that way. Billy felt ill.

"Everything's cool." He tried to sound bored and matter of fact, but it came out ragged. He coughed to clear his throat and took a drag on his cigarette.

"You know I'm not like him." Billy uttered into his chest, he tossed his head a little, he didn't want to wipe his eyes, but his vision was blurring.

"Like who?" Max sounded wary.

“Like Neil, I’m not like him. I don’t care if you like Lucas, you just can’t let it get back to Neil. You know that right?”

“Yeah, yes.” Max sounded on edge, he didn’t look at her, he couldn’t he was falling apart, he had to get it together. He turned on the stereo and drove fast, wanting to get Max home, and desperate to be alone. He had to get himself under control, get his fucking feelings in check, who the hell had time for feelings, what feelings? His mind was racing so fast he nearly drove past their house. He pulled up in front of the house, but kept the engine running.

“Get in the house, I’ll be back later.” He kept his eyes straight ahead, Max got out of the car and ran through the rain and into the house. Once she was inside he drove away.

Billy stepped on the gas with nowhere to go. He headed to the highway that led out of town, he thought about driving to Chicago, or maybe he could make it to Manhattan. He knew there wasn’t a chance of that, he had eight dollars cash in his wallet and three hundred and fifty in the bank, there was the trust fund that he’d get on his eighteenth birthday that his mother had set up for him, but that wasn’t soon enough to help him now. He was stuck in Hawkins, under Neil’s thumb, with a bunch of bumpkins for neighbors. Steve was here, but how was he going to get near him again? He tried to think, tried to plan. But every idea felt like a dead end, or grasping at smoke. Steve might have just been fucking around, it probably didn’t mean shit to him, not that it meant anything, not really.

Billy took a turn hard, the back of his Camaro fishtailed on the rain soaked road, he didn’t quite lose control, but it was pretty close. Billy stepped down on the gas pedal getting a thrill from the near accident. Crashing would be something, crashing would be real. Crashing is what it felt like to have Steve Harrington in his arms, real and out of control and alive. Billy knew Neil would kill him if he totaled his car, but then, if the crash killed him, there wouldn’t really be anything to worry about. Billy cranked up the stereo, Motley Crue came wailing out of his speakers, he hit the main highway and went

barreling down the straightaway going seventy-five on a wet road, but things were going to get really interesting in a mile or two, there was another turn coming up. He watched the world go flashing by in a blur of grey road, trees and sky. He lit a cigarette, his hands were shaking just a little and he could feel tears cooling on his cheeks, he pressed down on the accelerator feeling the engine vibrate through his bones.

It was then that he saw a car racing alongside his own, going the wrong direction in the opposite lane, the horn's long whining bleat could just barely be heard over the blaring music. Billy did a double take, Steve was barreling up beside him, waving his arms, gesturing to stop, he was shouting *pull over*, although Billy couldn't actually hear what he was saying he could read Steve's lips as he yelled and pointed at the side of the road. It was then that Billy looked forward and saw a car coming towards Steve's, Billy started pounding on his horn, he looked over at Steve, Steve had seen the on coming car and with impressive skill he dropped his speed and fell behind Billy's Camaro, the car that had been on a collision course with Steve's drove by, the driver was yelling and flipping them both off while leaning on his horn. Billy lowered his window and stuck his arm out flipping the bird, making sure the other driver could see it in his rearview mirror. Steve tailgating Billy's Camaro, Billy could see him in the mirror, through the haze of rain, he could see that Steve's eyes were wide, he looked like he might be having some kind of a panic attack. Billy pulled off the main highway and drove into the woods on a rough little dirt road, he made sure to drive far enough to be out of sight of the highway, in case the other driver decided to come back looking for trouble. Billy didn't want to have to explain shit going down to Neil. The other driver was most likely assuming that they'd been drag racing on a country road like a couple of hicks.

Steve's car was trailing his, following him, which made Billy wonder how long he'd been behind him. It had to have been since he'd driven out of the parking lot at school, but in the rain, and with Max there, he hadn't noticed Steve's Beamer. Billy parked his car and got out, he walked over to Steve's passenger door and tried the handle, it wasn't

locked so he slid inside and out of the rain and shut the door, the car had the heater running, Billy hadn't realized how cold he was. The seats were leather, clean and nearly showroom quality, Billy ran his hand over the armrest near the center console, he took a drag off his cigarette and cracked the window, to exhale out into the rainy air.

"How long have you been following me, Harrington?" Billy looked at Steve for the first time, he looked a little pale, he'd clearly been shaken up by the near accident, his right leg was jogging and his hands were still on the steering wheel. Billy reached over and pulled up the parking break and cut the engine, Steve looked down at Billy's hand on the key in the ignition, and then looked at Billy with those impossibly large eyes, even in the grey light of the rainy day they were warm, cinnamon and mercury bright. Billy had never seen anything like Steve Harrington's eyes, especially when they were trained on him.

"What were you doing? Do you know you were going seventy, you know we're less than a mile from Morrison's corner? You know why they call it Morrison's corner? Because that's where Rodney Morrison crashed, in 1980, he was speeding, it was icy, he died Billy, so what the fuck were you doing?" Billy blinked, he'd didn't know the turnout had a name, he also didn't like how easily Steve had figured out what he was up to.

"You're the one that should be answering questions, you, followed me." Billy kept his tone icy.

"You knew, you totally know that turn is coming up." Steve slapped his palms on the steering wheel shaking his head.

"You're the one playing chicken in a BMW."

"I wasn't playing chicken, I was trying to get your attention." Steve bristled. Billy took a drag on his cigarette, buying himself time, trying to think of the right way to play this, he shrugged.

"So you got my attention." Billy snorted and laughed softly, he knew it would irritate Steve, so he licked his lips at him.

"This, this isn't a joke." Steve said, his jaw tight, he looked

exasperated.

“Sorry, Harrington.” Billy quipped and sniggered.

“I don’t want you to die, asshole. Just don’t fucking do that shit.”

“Why should I care what you want?” Billy snapped angrily. He opened the passenger door tossing his smoke on the damp earth, Steve grabbed his arm and pulled him back in. Billy tensed and drew his arm away, but Harrington held on, his lanky frame was leaning across the armrests and the center console, he placed his other hand on Billy’s cheek he pulled him into a kiss, it was a near miss, mostly the corner of Billy’s mouth, but Steve persisted, leaning closer, his hand moving from Billy’s cheek to the nape of his neck gripping his hair. Steve kissed him fully on target this time. Steve’s lips were warm and soft, they parted hotly and his tongue pressed and delved, Billy closed his eyes and leaned into the kiss, he felt as if he was swept up in an undertow, he could hardly think, he didn’t need to, he wanted to drown in that kiss. He could feel Steve crawl on top of him, one knee pressed between Billy’s thighs, the pressure was dizzying. Steve’s kisses were molten and voracious. Steve pulled away from the kiss, his eyes half lidded his gaze smouldering. The sound of the rain on the roof of the car was all Billy could hear, the thrumming sound that surrounded them, he couldn’t take his eyes off of Steve’s.

“Maybe I can make you care about what I want.” Steve said softly as he ran his hand from Billy’s neck and down his chest, his fingers pressed over Billy’s heart. Steve’s lips brushed against Billy’s slowly, deliberate and light. Billy leaned in and Steve lifted his chin and turned his head just a fraction.

“Maybe.” Billy breathed, his heart was rocketing under Steve’s fingers, he felt Steve’s palm press over his heart and slide up to the side of his neck, his thumb gently stroked Billy’s bottom lip. Billy parted his lips and touched his tongue to the pad of Steve’s thumb. Steve shifted above him, their noses brushed as Steve rested his forehead against Billy’s, they were cramped and close, but all Billy wanted was to be closer, he felt Steve’s thumb press on the bottom row of his teeth, and over his tongue, Billy sucked his thumb, and

heard Steve make a low sound somewhere between a purr and moan. The car seat was released into the reclined position, it fell back quickly with their combined weight, Billy accidentally bit Steve's thumb, but Steve only smiled slyly in response, and grasped the waist of his rain soaked sweater and peeled it off t-shirt and all. Billy ran his hands over Steve's ribs and waist, he'd thought about doing this, touching him like this before, he'd fantasized about it many, many times. This was so much better. Steve rested his hands on top of Billy's encouraging his exploration. Billy drew a sharp breath feeling a pang of desire, he was hard and wanted Steve now. He grabbed Steve by the hips, digging his thumbs and pulling him closer, Steve clasped his hands around Billy's wrists, Billy arched and twisted, aroused and a little frustrated.

"Let me show you what I want." Steve's lips brushed Billy's ear as he spoke, Steve's hand went between Billy's legs, gliding heavily over his cock, scooping up against his balls, and his fingers pressing the seam of his jeans up against his ass. Billy gave an involuntary jump and grunt. Steve kept the pressure firm as he kissed Billy's neck and his ear, his tongue playing over Billy's earring.

"Say it." Billy shifted and rolled his hips, he reached down and unbuckled his belt, "Say what you want. I want to hear it."

"I want to fuck you, Hargrove." Billy twisted his hips, there wasn't much room to maneuver, he toed off one boot and felt Steve pulling his jeans down roughly, Billy arched and released a hiss of breath, as Steve ran a hand over his cock. They were both tangled and fumbling out of their jeans, their clothes were still damp from the rain. Steve tugged Billy's jacket and shirt off, eventually they were both stripped and Steve gripped the back of Billy's thighs up and nestled between them. Billy pressed his hands into Steve's dark hair, and pulled him into a sloppy kiss, they ground against one another. Steve kept one hand on the side of Billy's neck, the other pressed between them, this time with no interference from Billy's jeans, his fingers coiled around Billy's cock and stroked him quickly, pressing his thumb over the tip. Billy grabbed hold of Steve's ass, pulling him closer, and writhing up. Steve's middle and index fingers started to probe and press.

"*Shit* ." Billy gasped. Steve didn't slow, his fingers delving and spreading. Billy grabbed his own cock, working himself quickly.

“You’re always teasing me, all the fucking time. The way you look at me, I can’t stop thinking about you, I tried to ignore you...” Steve pressed his face in Billy’s neck, his words coming fast and urgent, “I want to fuck you so bad.” Steve kissed Billy deeply, his teeth brushing roughly against his lips. Steve pulled away from the kiss and withdrew his fingers, and spat messily on them. This time he pressed his fingers all the way *in* . Billy released a thread of groans and growls and rocked against Steve’s fingers.

“Ugh, ah...” Billy closed his eyes tightly and rolled against Steve’s long fingers, the pain and the pleasure wound so tightly they were one in the same.

“Yes, do it, yeah.” Steve whispered, and taunted. Billy rocked harder and twitched, he tightened and spasmed around Steve’s fingers.

“I want to fuck you, so bad, I want you, you know I do.” Steve murmured and writhed, rutting his erect cock against Billy’s. Billy came up Steve’s belly, and Steve withdrew his fingers, and grappled Billy’s thighs, pushing them higher, pulling his knees up and pushed at him with his cock, he thrust in the tip and pushed hard. Billy bowed his body and cried out loudly as he pulled Steve closer.

Steve

Steve gripped the back of the headrest and thrust into Billy, who in turn grabbed onto him, Billy’s eyes were streaming, his face flushed red, his beautiful pink lips parted. Steve would never get this image out of his mind, seeing Billy like this. Billy worked himself hungrily, he was getting hard again, soft gasps and sighs escaped his lips with every thrust.

“ *Shit-ugh-Harrington* .” Billy pulled at Steve’s hair and pulled him into a kiss, he dragged his tongue over Steve’s lips, and up his cheek to his temple, the rawness of it drove Steve over the edge and he came inside of Billy. Steve had meant to go slower, but it didn’t matter now. He inhaled deeply from Billy’s hair, the lingering scent of smoke

and shampoo, mixed with musky cologne reminded him of the showers. Billy pressed his hands up Steve's back and over his shoulder blades and down the center of his spine, Steve could feel Billy pause at each vertebrae pressing hard and then sliding to the next one. Steve slid out slowly, and squirmed down Billy, he bit the side of his ribs, and stroked his belly, drawing his short nails down his sides and hips, he gripped his hands around Billy's hands, and tongued Billy's cock. Steve pulled Billy's hands away and drew him in, he sucked eagerly, his tongue darting over the tip, he looked up to see Billy's bright eyes, his lashes dark and damp with drying tears. Billy gripped Steve's hair and rolled his hips pressing his cock deeper. Steve drew back and worked him in his mouth till Billy came. Steve released him, and wiped his mouth, and licked his lips. That was the first time he'd sucked a cock, he felt a little drunk and desperate as he clambered up Billy and kissed him heavily. Billy kissed him back, Steve slowed down, going from hungry to sensual, he could feel Billy shudder beneath him.

"I like you." Steve whispered as he kissed Billy's neck.

"Why's that?" Billy sighed.

"I don't know." Steve hesitated and nipped at Billy's collarbone, he lifted his head and drew on Billy's earlobe. Billy laughed softly turning his head away.

"Yeah, well, me too." Steve looked at Billy, his face was pink, his eyes turned away a smile was playing in the corner of his mouth. Steve kissed the seed of a smile and then kissed Billy's cheek and eyelids. Billy shook his head and momentarily looked both flustered and pleased. "You're eyes are, really, beautiful." Steve murmured and kissed Billy slowly. The sweat and cum was drying on Steve's skin, he shivered, he was getting cold, it was still pouring outside and the thermometer stuck on the dash read 18 degrees. Billy wordlessly closed his arms around him, pulling him sideways and squeezing him tightly, seating him across his laps, Steve's long legs folded nearly to his chest. Billy looked him in the eyes and squeezed him again. Steve blushed, feeling the strength in the embrace was arousing.

"You cold?" Billy asked rubbing Steve's shoulder.

“A little.” Steve pressed against Billy’s chest.

Steve rested his head on Billy’s shoulder, he kept waiting for Billy to shlep him off his lap, or to open the door and shove Steve out of his own car; but that didn’t happen. They sat together, cuddled and silent, watching the last of the grey light fadeout to the blackness of night and the forest disappear into darkness. The rain slowed to infrequent heavy drops.

Steve was awoken by a gentle kiss, he parted his lips and felt Billy’s tongue sliding against his own.

“I have to go.”

“I don’t want you to go.” It was dark in the car, and somehow in the cover of night it was easier to say what he was thinking.

“I...” Billy’s voice was husky, Steve wondered if he’d fallen asleep as well, “I gotta go.”

“I know, but, I don’t want you to.” Steve insisted stubbornly.

“Well, too bad.” Billy kissed Steve’s neck, Steve could feel Billy smiling and it made his heart leap.

“You’re going to have to get off me, Harrington. I’m not leaving without my clothes.”

“No?” Steve tested.

“Move.” Billy growled.

“No.” Steve wrapped his arms around Billy tightly.

“Damnit, Harrington.” Billy grappled with Steve, but all the menace was lost as soon as he started laughing, it wasn’t the laugh that Steve was accustomed to, it held no ire, it was joyful and unguarded. Billy tickled Steve’s ribs making him yelp, he sat up so straight he bumped

his head on the roof the the car.

“Okay, Okay, Okay.” Steve started crawling towards the driver’s seat and felt Billy rub the top of Steve’s head, as if to rub away the pain of the bump. He turned in the darkness to see Billy, and he although couldn’t really see him at all, he felt his heart swell, it was the gentlest of gestures. Steve reached up and turned on the interior light, they picked through the pile of clothes and struggled into their damp cold clothes. Steve watched as Billy tugged on his boots, a smile kept creeping up the corners of his mouth only to be frowned away, it was as if a flood of secrets were pushing at the dam of his lips, Steve was dying to ask what he was thinking but felt ridiculous.

“I’ve never, um...” Steve started and stopped, his heart was pounding all over again.

“Never what?”

“Dated a guy.” Steve confessed.

“We’re dating?” Billy was pulling the leg of his jeans down over his boot, not looking at Steve.

“If you want to.” Steve thought, this is it. This is the end of whatever this is. Billy leaned over and grabbed Steve by the collar of his sweater and kissed him roughly.

“I’ll pick you up tomorrow at 8.” Billy pulled away and got out of the car. Steve started the engine and turned on the headlights, lighting Billy’s path for him, he watched Billy saunter to his car, Billy glanced back and winked at him.